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WRL NEWS

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GANDHI PEACE CALENDAR

Commemorating the centenary of Gandhi's birth, the 1969 Peace Calendar features selections from his writings, photographs and other graphic material. It has been edited by Mark Morris, with a special introduction by Richard Gregg, author of "The Power of Nonviolence."

The price—necessarily slightly higher than last year—is $1.75 apiece, $5 for three, $10 for six—postpaid. Gift Cards will be inserted upon request. ORDER NOW!

MINUTEMEN RAID CNVA FARM

In the early morning hours of August 24, a group of armed Minutemen raided the New England CNVA farm in Voluntown, Connecticut.

"Shortly after 2 a.m., heavily armed men carrying cans of gasoline emerged from the forest," writes Steve Trimm in the Sept. 16 WIN Magazine. "The strangers were dressed in army fatigues and their faces were concealed by masks, hoods, and in one case a gas mask. They didn't know that they had just slipped through a ring of State Policemen. The police, who had surrounded the farm near sunset, were unaware that their trap had failed.

"At the main house, Mary Suzuki Lyttle and Bobbie Trask had just taken their turn on watch. They were quickly bound, gagged with tape, and left under guard on the first floor of the building.

"The police on stake-out saw a light go on in the main house. What they did sense was that their plans had somehow miscarried, and they began to run. The police seemed just as stunned as the Minutemen when the two groups collided. The first to react was one of the invaders, who lunged with a bayonet at the nearest trooper. The trooper opened fire at nearly point-blank range and the man went down with a bullet in the face. When the explosion was ended, six people had been shot. Four were Minutemen, one was a trooper and the last was Bobbie Trask, hit in the hip by a wild police bullet.

"As of this writing, the farm is still under police guard. Bobbie Trask will be hospitalized for some time, as will two of the Minutemen. The attacker shot in the face may be permanently blind."

VIGIL AT SOVIET MISSION

On August 23, the day following the invasion of Czechoslovakia, WRL and New York Workshop in Nonviolence conducted this vigil at the Soviet Mission to the UN and distributed the following statement.

"The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia is cut from the same bolt of ruthless cloth as is the American invasion of Vietnam. Both prove the woodenheadedness of imperialism.

"The War Resisters League condemns without reservation this newest thrust of Soviet imperialism—as it condemns all imperialisms and all wars, East and West. Yet we must point to the failure of Washington's foreign policy to match the recent liberalization in Czechoslovakia with a relaxation in NATO's armed pose—such as reduction of massed armed forces in West Germany.

"We stand with our brothers and sisters in Czechoslovakia in demanding immediate withdrawal of Warsaw Pact forces from their land. We honor the wisdom of the Dubcek government in recognizing the futility of armed resistance. We hope that the Czechoslovak people will discover—as did the Indians under Gandhi—the creative power of nonviolent civil disobedience."

In London, the WRI issued a statement saying: "The invasion once again underlines the reactionary and repressive role played by the two military alliances, the Warsaw Pact and NATO. The War Resisters International fully supports the dignified resistance of the Czech people which has included sitdowns in front of Soviet tanks, strikes and noncooperation."

Photo by Ed Weberman

NOVEMBER 14—NEXT DRAFT CARD TURN-IN

The fourth nationwide turning-in of draft cards has been set for November 14 by The Resistance, the coordinating group. The first three, in which over 3000 young men returned their draft cards to federal authorities, took place on October 16 and December 4, 1967 and April 3, 1968.

Persons wishing to participate in the November 14 demonstrations, which will take part in various sections of the country, should contact the national office of The Resistance, 5 Beekman Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

Report from Prague

by David McReynolds

Prague was to be my holiday, four days between two conferences. I had spent the week in Vienna for the War Resisters International and was then to go to Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, for a meeting of the International Confederation for Disarmament and Peace. In between I had four days free and I decided on Czechoslovakia.

On my last day, I awoke at 6:30 a.m. to pack and get to the airport, for a plane to Yugoslavia. With only four hours sleep I was groggy and hard put to concentrate on getting my things together. Tanks were moving along Vinohradska toward the center of town. Troops were sitting up in the tanks and the streets were lined with people. Obviously Czech tanks—what other tanks would be in Prague?—and still half-asleep I finished my coffee and went upstairs to get my bags.

A Day to Remember

I went out of the hotel to join the little knot of American and other foreign tourists standing watching the tanks and troop carriers move by. It was impossible, it was like a dream, but I realized the tanks were Soviet tanks and that Prague was even then being occupied. The people were weeping openly in the streets and I found myself weeping with them. Jets screamed overhead, very low. There was the funny, innocent-sounding popping of automatic weapons near the center of town.

I learned later there had been one main center of resistance—the radio station about 12 blocks away.

I walked some blocks and finally located a store that sold film. I came back and shot the tanks with a telephoto from my hotel window, and then about noon I saw the beginning of the organized resistance. At precisely noon a young man moved his bicycle into the main avenue and stopped, standing behind it, facing the oncoming traffic. A Czech truck nearly ran him down, the driver jumped out to ask what the hell, etc., and then, learning it was a two-minute general strike, pulled his truck over to the side. As I watched the young man, standing alone in the street with only his bicycle to defend him, a Russian troop carrier came hurtling down the Vinohradska toward town. All of us stood paralyzed, knowing the truck would probably not stop, or would open fire, when at the last moment an older man walked quickly out from the sidewalk, put his arm gently around the youth and led him and the bicycle off the street. The truck sped by, never having paused. While all this was happening—it took only seconds—every car horn for blocks around had opened up to give vocal support to the two-minute strike.

In early evening I looked out from my window and saw sky rockets being fired from somewhere near the center of town. Sky rockets hell! They were tracer bullets and the firing was now quite close to the hotel—at least as close as the area where I had half an hour earlier been milling around. I hid by the side of the bed for a while and then realized that with tracer bullets you could tell when the firing was in your direction and so returned to the window to watch discreetly from one side.

That brought the first day to a close.

. . . And a Second Day

Thursday morning saw Lidova Demokracie being widely distributed, along with other papers. Riders would sweep along the streets, hand out copies of papers at the news stands where the Czechs lined up patiently to get their free copy of the underground news. The radio was still broadcasting Thursday, though both the Prague and Pilsen stations had been seized. The underground TV even operated briefly on Wednesday, after the seizure of the main office.

Hand lettered posters were up everywhere. In Russian they urged troops to leave. In Czech they urged no cooperation with the occupation and no cooperation with the collaborators. Every building sported signs. Cars had huge banners or posters tied to their fronts. The Czech police moved about town with Czech flags tied to their two-man motorcycles. I had the leaflets translated for me, and got the radio broadcasts translated as best I could. The Czechs were urging no armed resistance, no provocations, no cooperation, no collaboration. They were broadcasting in German, Polish, Russian, Bulgarian and Hungarian—special appeals to the troops to leave. They were broadcasting also and briefly in English and the appeal was not to the "free world" to intervene, but "to all Communist Parties of the world," and to the "Communist Parties of the Soviet Union, Poland, German Democratic Republic, Hungary and Bulgaria" to withdraw, to recognize there was no counter-revolution, no basis for intervention.

Czech flags began to appear in windows by Thursday afternoon, and at least half the population was now wearing the Czech national colors—little ribbons of blue, red and white. Students moved occasionally away from the center of town, past our hotel, bearing large Czech flags. Once they carried a bloodstained flag. Everywhere—everywhere—were the slogans "Svoboda-Dubcek." Those two names, and the national colors. The Russians had done what previous history had failed to do—united the Czechs and the Slovaks and, incredibly, made a Communist regime genuinely popular. The nation was one. It was united not behind some counter-revolutionary force but behind its own Communist Party leadership.

I couldn't move far because the word from the Embassy was that we were to be moved out at any time, but I chanced one long walk and moved, finally, past the Russian tanks and into Wencelas Square. There were thousands upon thousands of civilians filling Vaclavske Namesti and as I watched from the steps of the National Museum (which had *not* been destroyed, but which had been heavily machine gunned) I saw two trucks filled with students carrying flags move slowly into the Square at the same time a Soviet tank moved into it—the tank yielded the right of way to the triumphant students waving their banners.

Most Impressive

What was most impressive and most incredible was to see every tank, every troop carrier, every Soviet vehicle surrounded by Czechs, who argued, climbed up on the tanks and read manifestos, pleaded, explained, and in general tried directly to convert the army. The Czech army had been ordered not to fight and it had not. But the people had chosen to fight, with leaflets, with papers, with posters, with direct discussions with the troops, and with the slogans "no cooperation with the occupation, no support for the traitors."

When I left at 7:00 p.m. Thursday night the radio, myseriously, was still broadcasting instructions. The troops were still sticking close by their tanks—only once did I see a small detachment on foot. And the Russians had not yet found a collaborationist leadership. After I left, as readers know, the Communist Party held an extraordinary secret session and re-elected the full liberal leadership.

Was there, as Gus Hall of the American Communist Party suggested, a danger of counter-revolution? Yes, there was. The danger wore the uniform of the Soviet army.

NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT

by Paul Johnson

You certainly don't have to be an anarchist—or any other brand of radical—to agree that the electoral process in these so-called United States has broken down. The number of citizens truly believing otherwise may still be the majority, but it is clearly a much smaller one than four years ago. Then, with Johnson and Goldwater, it was arguable—that there might, at least, be a lesser evil. This time around, everyone with the attention-span necessary to watch TV should realize that it's Scylla or Charbydis—or that baritone Siren, George Wallace.

Wallace, as a matter of bitter fact, is about the only indication across the entire political spectrum that there is any spark of life left in this system. No matter whether you disagree with everything, he stands for, you have got to admit that he is the closest thing to an honest man in the national arena. He is also the first spokesman of the "little man" within my memory to stand a chance of racking up a quarter of the total vote. Some people with more understanding of the mechanics involved than I have, think he just might throw it into the House.

This is extremely indigestible food for thought, and nowhere on the organized Left do I see anyone facing it with any sort of realism at all. Yet Cleaver and Gregory (and whoever Raskin & Co. can get to lend his name) won't be measured against Nixon or Humphrey in November; they'll be running against good ol' George.

"Can't Get Together on *Anything*"

Unless you have some "educational" purpose to be served, taking part in an election when you can't affect its outcome is analagous to buying a lottery ticket after the drawing; and the only clear lesson I can see emerging this November is that people on the Left can't get together on *anything*. And even if we could call a caucus and decide in the next couple of weeks which "fourth party" we were going to cast our ballots for, we couldn't hope to amass enough of a following to look anything but very sick beside that latter-day Huey Long.

Sure, the disaffected liberals are out there, maybe millions of them, but they aren't disaffected enough, yet, to "throw their votes away;" they still have a hang-up regarding the "importance" of their individual ballots; they would hate to "waste" them. Cleaver's not going to budge them, or Gregory, or anybody else on our political horizon. What they need, and what we should be concentrating on, is the kind of healthy (or at least healthier) cynicism illustrated by the old story recently retold by Denis Adelsberger in the Atlanta Workshop's newsletter:

"An Irish farmer once said, 'It doesn't matter who you vote for. The government always gets in."

Our role, as radical pacifists or whatever we call ourselves, today more than ever should be to help people find their way *out* of the leader led syndrome, not *back into it*.

These are a few of the reasons why I feel we shouldn't participate, in the usual acquiescent fashion, in the forthcoming national election. Since local conditions (poll regulations, the machines themselves, the likely official, press, and public reactions) vary considerably from place to place, it remains to be seen what can be done outside the traditional modes. Time is desperately short, but already there is quite a broad range of actions being discussed in several cities, as I discovered at the WRL Colorado conference. Taken altogether, these plans could provide ample room for most degrees and styles of political commitment. There are three main categories:

"A Broad Range of Actions"

1) Silent, dignified vigils near the polls, with placards and leaflets clearly stating the decision not to vote, and the reasons why. That there *isn't* any real choice between Humphrey and Nixon is clear to the most moderate news commentators, and slogans pointing up this fact, taken if possible from local newspapers, could reach almost everyone to the left of the John Birch Society. If questioned as to what "good" you think you're doing by standing there, you'll have an excellent opportunity to talk about the undemocratic nature of the existing primary system, and the fact that there is no way to vote "No Confidence" in this country. (I'm told there is elsewhere, for instance in France.)

2) Write-in ballot campaign, based on the idea that the mechanism is too cumbersome to deal with very many people who won't meekly pull the levers offered, and that if you can get a dozen of your neighbors to join you, you can tie up the system for hours. I've heard of one person who stopped an election in her precinct for more than an hour all by herself, simply by insisting on her right to write in a name; incredible as it might seem, there was no one at the poll who could tell her how to do it. If there happens to be a local election where you *can* vote *for* somebody, go ahead and pull the lever, and then write whatever you please on the presidential line. And there's no reason why this approach couldn't be combined with 1). When you come out of the booth, pick up your sign reading "I voted No Confidence," or "I voted for Myself," or for Dick Gregory, or Snoopy, or whatever: just be ready with the reasons *why* you did so.

3) Civil (or not-so) disobedience—sit-ins, crowd-ins, or guerrilla theater at the polls. Paul Encimer reports that several persons in Los Angeles are contemplating taking their write-in ballots out of the booth and either tearing them up or burning them, in the manner of draft cards. (This would not work in most places, because ballots are frequently not detachable.) Yippie spokesman Abby Hoffman's strategy seems to be to make little Chicagos out of every polling place —to put the people who run them so up-tight that they'll refuse to admit anyone who's not past 35 and cleanshaven. Other people, as for instance in some Resistance groups, want to block the polls on the grounds that the bloody farce enacted there endangers their lives, even though they are not legally permitted any say whatsoever. Still others, more privately, are talking of voting with sledgehammers. Personally, I shudder to think what might happen to someone who tried to smash one of those holy gadgets; after all, this would look even worse to visceral patriots than flag-burning. The voting machine is not merely a symbol, it's a valuable piece of property), and the attendant acolytes might very well take the sledgehammer approach to the protester. The same criticism would apply, of course, to any form of demonstration where self-expression is valued more highly than communication.

"Let Us Protest"

None of the aforementioned activities is necessarily the right one for your particular area or personal attitudes. There may be a great number of other things to be done, which haven't yet come to my attention. In any case, it doesn't seem to me that anything—so long as it is nonviolent in spirit and results—need conflict with anything else that others might be doing. Rather, a wide range of alternatives will ensure that everyone can "do his own thing," with a minimum of compromise and maximum effect.

And that's the point: *If the best we can do is protest, let us protest as effectively as we are able.*

MY VOTE—FOR DICK GREGORY

by Edward Gottlieb

Macaulay once said, "The cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy." Actually it is the only process that guarantees the unqualified right to seek change. A person whose self-image demands this right cannot contemplate the loss or absence of democracy except with horror. True, from the individual worm's-eye-view in a complex, technological society, it looks like no more than a tiny spoon with which to dig up the earth, but, nevertheless, when it is used in grand community it can be a lever to move the planet. The tool is really as effective as the size of the demos behind it. It exists in the first place, only by an act of supreme will of the people. It can grow, expand, and prosper only as this will becomes more resolute and demanding.

Strange that those who were crying most for participatory democracy should now be pleading for opting-out. They are too much like the fox who lost his tail and now tries to convince his fellows that they don't need theirs either. Having chosen to bypass the channels of democracy with a mystical concoction of "Unrepresented People's Assembly" in Washington, in 1965 and with a phalanx of steel helmets in Chicago in 1968, they nevertheless look defeat in the face by substituting a spurious but well-worn red and, or, brown distortion of democracy for the more self-revealing and accusing shaving mirror. Because their own arbitrary, willful, and perverse corruption of "participatory" democracy raised the demos against them, they now go whimpering off the field altogether.

By a very unsophisticated leap into error they have equated the counting of ballots, a mere arithmetical act of personal registration, with the life process of a community in change and growth. The art and practice of democracy represents a life's investment. It conditions the constant recreation of values which John Dewey says "are formed in the matrix of social relations".

The Nature of Democracy

Democracy, therefore, leaves room for a high commitment to personal witness and action. In the name of true community, it demands the highest integrity of the individual. It stands for a collectivity but one of discreet personal units. It thrives only to the extent that the individual and not the "state" is supreme. The person, the single unit of humanity, must be central to the whole for this collectivity to survive. In the "Yogi and the Commissar" Koestler points out how the group itself must ever stand ready to sacrifice the whole of itself for the single one else it will soon lose its own viability.

In effect this is our thesis regarding the totalitarian system, which by my own definition, I cannot call a way of life. The person, or better still the "human thing" must govern in every situation of group, community, or national life. This exaltation of the individual is certainly at the heart of our pacifist culture and that is why we recognize so well the power of our own personal conscience. If respect and concern for the individual is the credo of a democratic society then that portion of the individual which is most sacred and unique to him is his conscience. And it was in the very exercise of this conscience that pacifist "powerlessness" created the political energy to turn the American people, and therefore, the American electorate into Peaceniks.

We pacifists have really made it irrelevant who wins the November election. We put the question of peace, in effect withdrawal, on the American agenda. With our acts of civil disobedience, our power to go to jail, we kept Vietnam on the table at every forum, house, and bar. It was only a question of time and our persistence before we would win out. This was our pacifist thing in a democracy—talking conscience to conscience until we create a political climate where every candidate must be first for peace. It is the tragedy of our two-party tradition that Humphrey will not be able to withdraw from Vietnam before the summer after his election, while Nixon, calling constantly and loudly for an "honorable peace" will be able to declare it so by Washington's Birthday.

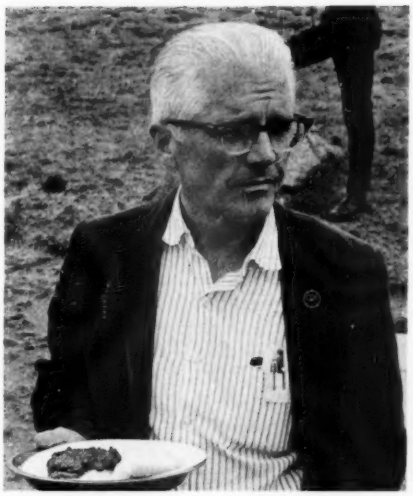
In a democracy the politician who is true to his craft must make the most conscientious and honest task to get elected. He properly snubs the socialist delettante who runs for the fun and principle of it. Not to dodge, and turn, and double back, not to feint and run around the end, with your eye on the goal posts of electoral victory, is to a true politician a sacrifice of professional integrity. Who but he could best represent the interests of the people, and so for him to withhold himself from office would be treason. His business is to get elected, and therefore, in all good conscience as a "representative" of the people he keeps tabs on the popular polls. He practices the fine art of finding the very midpoint of the curve of political opinion where precisely the greatest distribution of voters are to be found. Thus he becomes the candidate of the widest coalition within his own party to run against just such another coalition candidate of the other party. He must reflect the opinion polls.

"Our Pacifist Job"

Our pacifist job in a democracy is to create the public opinion polls. That is why in WRL NEWS more than a year ago I argued for "CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE NOW" and in the pages of *Fellowship Magazine* more recently in a debate with Don Keyes that our role was not to throw ourselves into the McCarthy campaign but rather to stimulate the American conscience so it might overflow into a peace campaign for McCarthy. I have voted for peace already without being counted on Election Day. I have created hundreds of votes for peace but then again they would never get registered unless we had this one day of accounting. The American people need this one Tuesday in the year to vote if only to give veto to what is going on. If only the people of Russia, or Czechoslovakia, or Hungary had this one luxury of a democratic process, really the one essential, of community living, how much richer spiritually might the world be today. I shall vote for this process by voting once again on Election Day. Fortunately, the opportunity provides a chance for many of us to find fellowship with each other on a scattered frontier. The issue of peace in Vietnam we have won. We must now help to discover one another for the consistent and permanent revolution of nonviolence. By voting for Dick Gregory I hope to get a better chance for placing nonviolence in the racial conflict on the new political agenda for America. We do not end our commitment with the Univac scorer. We take off from there.

WESTERNERS AT WRL CONFERENCE

EDITOR': NOTE:—These photos by David McReynolds will enable the many easterners unable to get to Denver to become better acquainted with western WRLers whom they never have seen in person at the regular annual conferences which have been held in the vicinity of New York. Commenting on the national conference, Labor Day weekend on Lookout Mountain, Edward Gottlieb, former WRL chairman, said: "Most gratifying was the recognition of how much of ourselves we found in each other, east, west and in-between. We really made FAMILY, which in a sense—organizationally and individually, is what we are."



Roy Kepler—Los Altos (Calif.)

Sandy (Kaye) Kosokoff—Portland

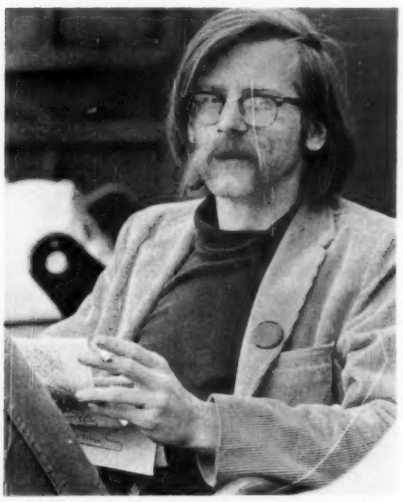
Frances Herring—Berkeley

Stan Kohls—Los Angeles

Marion Carson—Marion (Iowa)

Randy Kehler—San Francisco

Sue Gottfried—Seattle



Paul Encimer—Inglewood (Calif.)

CHICAGO

photo by Howard Harrison

by Jim Peck

I journeyed to Chicago for the Big Day of the Democratic National Convention, Wednesday, and got off lightly with three gassings, one trampling and one clubbing. Maris Cakars and Martin Jezer of the WRL staff also were clubbed and gassed.

Staff member Peter Kiger, one of the hundreds of demonstrators and onlookers arrested, received the heaviest sentence: a $700 fine for "disorderly conduct." He had the "audacity" to plead *not* guilty to a disorderly conduct charge in which he was accused of dashing up and down Michigan Avenue stoning the police and using profanity. Anybody familiar with Peter's completely pacifistic personality will be shocked by the absurdity of the police accusations. An appeal is being considered: a $700 fine translated into jail time would be 140 days.

The orgy of violence on the part of Mayor Daley's police was unjustifiable, despite the excess of provocation—and we must admit to this—by nonpacifist elements on our side.

ONE MAN'S REACTION—JOIN WRL

Along with his WRL enrollment blank mailed on August 29, James Lee Marzo of Orange, California wrote: "Having witnessed last night on television our democracy in action against the youths of America in Mayor Daley's police state, I no longer can be content to *just voice* my dissent from the atrocities perpetrated by our government—at home as well as on foreign soil."

One completely nonviolent phase of the National Mobilization protest action that day was the attempted march from Grant Park to the Amphitheater. It was completely nonviolent because under the well-devised action plan announced by Dave Dellinger at the end of the Grant Park Rally, only adherents to nonviolence were to participate in the march. Those who were to engage in "mobile tactics" were directed to a different assembly point.

As close to 1,000 of us assembled around a particular statue for the march, the marshals instructed us over bullhorns that nonviolence must prevail and that there must be no acts of provocation such as those which came close to turning the rally into a shambles—no calling the cops "pigs," etc. These instructions were repeated—and strictly followed—as the march proceeded north, across the park, to a point where it finally was blocked off by large contingents of city cops.

We thereupon sat down on the sidewalk confronting the cops while the march leaders negotiated unsuccessfully with the top brass. We sang freedom songs and we talked—but there were no acts of provocation either on our side or on the cops' side. After a couple of hours, Dellinger adjourned this particular phase of the demonstration and suggested that participants make their way in small groups to Michigan Avenue and the Hilton Hotel. I will not deal here with the ensuing police onslaught which was adequately reported by the news media. I shall conclude by simply emphasizing that the phase of the demonstration which I have described carried the dignity and conviction which is attainable only through nonviolence.

NEW LITERATURE

CONSCRIPTION—A WORLD SURVEY, and resistance to it. Compiled by Devi Prasad and Tony Smythe and issued by WRI $2.25

WE WON'T GO, The Vietnam War objectors tell why, in an anthology compiled by Alice Lynd $1.95

CONSCIENCE IN AMERICA. A documentary history of conscientious objection 1757-1967 edited by Lillian Schlissel $2.75

TO END WAR. Issued by World Without War Council, this annotated bibliography is designed to help individuals find alternatives to war 50c

AMERICA'S CONCENTRATION CAMPS: THE RUMORS AND THE REALITIES. Reprint of William Hedgepeth's article from the May 28 issue of LOOK 10c

OUR GENERATION. Latest issue (a double issue) of the Canadian peace journal featuring *Students and Revolution* by Eric Mann. Daniel Cohn-Bendit, Peggy Duff, Pete Warrian and F.C. Hunnius $1.50

Back in Print

ESSAY ON CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE by Thoreau with a preface by Gene Sharp (This popular item on our literature list has been out of print for almost 2 years) 25c

IN BRIEF

WRL Field Secretary David McReynolds, a longtime Socialist, is running for Congress on the Peace & Freedom Party ticket in New York's 19th Congressional District. Henry Koch, a longtime Republican and a WRLer, is running for Congress as an independent peace candidate in New Jersey's 9th Congressional District.

THANK YOU

We are deeply grateful to all those members and friends of the League who responded to our summer appeal.

If you have not responded to the appeal, we still need your help. Thanks.

ENROLLMENT BLANK

Send to War Resisters League
5 Beekman Street, New York 38, N. Y.

WAR IS A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY.
I THEREFORE AM DETERMINED NOT TO SUPPORT ANY KIND OF WAR, INTERNATIONAL OR CIVIL, AND TO STRIVE FOR THE REMOVAL OF ALL THE CAUSES OR WAR.

signature _____

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